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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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THROUGH OTHER EYES

By Anna Brownell Dunaway.

Hope noticed that the new girl who was sitting beside her at second lunch hour in the Central High School restaurant was eating nothing at all, but merely looking about her listlessly. Hope noticed also that the girl had no lunch box, and that she was plainly dressed and rather wistful looking; then she came to a swift conclusion—Hope prided herself on her unerring intuitions. "Poor and proud," she said to herself. "Doing without lunch and all that."

She broke her chocolate bar in halves and proffered one piece to the girl. "Have some of my candy, do!"

"Oh," said the girl with a little start, and her glance went past the chocolate bar and rested on a brown sandwich that lay on a paper napkin in Hope's lap. "That looks like homemade bread. Did your mother—"

"Here, take it," said Hope. "Mother just will put in too many sandwiches. She's the best cook!"

"I believe it!" The new girl munched delightedly. "You see, I'm strange here. Everything seems so odd after you've lived all your life in a country place and you move to a strange city." She began picking up the crumbs and putting them into her mouth. "I never tasted such bread," she said.

"Famished," was Hope's thought. "Can't you come home with me to supper some night?" she asked quickly. "Say tomorrow night. Mother will make cream biscuits."

"Thank you," said the girl simply. "I'd love to, even if, if I don't know your name."

"Moss, Hope Moss. Short and sweet, isn't it? For references, there's G. Clark, English VIII, our mutual friend."

"I'm Hazel Loomis," the girl said and laughed. The gong sounded, and they were separated in the rush. "A perfect stranger!" Hope exclaimed to herself. "And without even asking mother! I don't know what struck me, inviting her home the way I did."

That night in the bosom of her family she broached the matter diplomatically. "We've such a dream of a rambling old house, mother," she observed, "with all sorts of cosy corners and so artistic with those cretonne drapes and the yellow silk lamp shade—"

"Made from a discarded petticoat," her mother interrupted her with a smile.

"Say promoted," said Hope, laughing. "We may be poor, but we're artistic. I'm just crazy about this darling old living room! But what I started to say was that there's a new girl at school who is poor and forlorn. This noon she didn't have any lunch. I invited her out to dinner tomorrow night. She fairly gobbled one of your sandwiches."

"For tomorrow night, did you say, Hope?" Mrs. Moss looked up, rather startled. "It's all right of course, but it's cleaning day—"

"Better look up the spoons," Julius, Hope's brother suggested, from behind his algebra.

"It wasn't a bit conventional," Hope went on. "I had no idea of asking her, but somehow or other she got on my sympathies so that before I knew it I had asked her."

"It's all right of course," repeated Mrs. Moss. "I'll try and get up an extra-good supper."

"I'd just like to show her how cosy we are," said Hope. "She probably lives in a stuffy flat on the East Side."

Hope's complacent gaze rested on the curtains of pale yellow voile with overdraperies of cream-and-brown cretonne, on the electricolier, which was a trading-stamp premium, with its yellow silk shade, and then on the couch cover, which resembled nothing so much as a coverlet of brown autumn leaves. "Mother, you're a positive genius!" she exclaimed. "Wherever did you get that couch cover? I don't recognize what it came from."

"It's grandmother's old shawl," explained her mother with obvious pride. "I think that Paisley design of autumn leaves goes well with the curtains, don't you, Hope?"

"It's a crowning touch!" declared Hope. "It makes me think of woody brown forests. Doesn't it you, Julius?"

"Ugh-huh," Julius looked up. "Does well enough. Looks like a shawl to me."

"Oh, you hard-boiled—!" Hope interrupted herself, laughing. "Hazel will be in the seventh heaven," she went on ecstatically. "Maybe it will give her a few ideas about fixing up their poor old shack. Mother, will you make cream biscuits?"

"Why, of course," assented Mrs. Moss. "Will you bring her home with you?"

"No; we get out at three; that's too early. And I have gym and pageant tryout, and she said something about an engagement with a dressmaker. I imagine she's going to try to get sewing to do at home."

She found herself in the elevator gliding swiftly down. Her cheeks were pink, and her thoughts were incoherent. To entertain in their humble home a girl used to all that luxury! Why had she left the address? She had a wild impulse to go back and get it, but she dismissed it; she would go through with the farce—if the girl came at all.

Probably she would not; no doubt she was laughing in her sleeve all the time. She hoped she wouldn't come! After all that, what would she think?

As Hope opened her own door she was aware of a faint odor of baking. Then she caught the elusive, indescribable aroma of stewing chicken. After all the trouble her mother had gone to, that her friends should be like that! She looked round the living room with eyes from which the old, loving scales had fallen. Never had the curtains seemed so garish; the yellow shade looked to be what it was, a discarded petticoat; the fringe was off the rugs, and—oh, crowning indignity—was that a paper chrysanthemum on the table? But no, it was a real one, her mother's cherished flower coaxed into bloom for Thanksgiving and now cut for their guest. Tears smarted in her eyes.

The flower was placed carefully in a vase of cheap yellow pottery. It was pretty, but to a girl who could have a dozen huge ones in cutglass vases—

"Hope," it was her mother's voice from the basement,—"can you come down? I'm freezing the cream."

Hope put away her wraps and hurried down. At any rate her mother should not know. To think of this final unusual effort for their guest, making ice cream in the partly broken old freezer!

"I just made up my mind to make-cream for you," said Mrs. Moss, beaming. "She's probably not used to ice cream, and it's such a treat. The old freezer works hard, though. I guess you'll have to stand on the crosspiece. How did you think the table looked? And the chrysanthemum?" She was like a child in her pride.

"Fine," shouted Hope above the creaking of the crank. "If she does not like that—"

"And I made an angel food. We'll have to do without eggs now the rest of the week."

"Mother, you never! Angel food!" And Hazel pampered on French pastry!

"Maybe we'd better try the cream now." Mrs. Moss picked up a spoon. The rickety freezer tipped as Hope shifted her weight, and a stream of icy water ran out and splashed her mother. "It is a good thing I haven't dressed yet," Mrs. Moss said, laughing as she removed the lid and peered inside. "I can slip up the back stairs. My, it's all mush, not half done! If we only had one of those vacuum! It will take us half an hour yet."

"And she's due any time now," said Hope in an expressionless voice. "You're tired," said Mrs. Moss, quick to notice the change. "I can manage it alone maybe. You'd better go up and watch the door."

"I think we can hear the bell down here," said Hope. "Anyway, somebody will have to stand on the crosspiece."

It was a disagreeable, cold, sloppy job, but finally, with her hands tingling with the ice and salt, Hope started upstairs. "Let's leave it now; it may ripen. When Julius comes we'll get him to give it a few turns. I'm really afraid to stay down any longer."

She took off her apron and smoothed her hair. Then she waited nervously while her mother changed her dress. The clock in the hall boomed six o'clock and then half past, and still their guest had not come. Hope sat down by the window and knit her brows uneasily. Mrs. Moss moved between the kitchen, the dining room and the front door.

At a quarter to seven Julius burst in. "Hey, mother, supper ready? I've got to go to a scout meeting!"

"O Julius, we want you to finish the cream," cried Hope. "Can't you?"

"Fraid not, sis. Got to be there at seven-thirty. What's the table all fixed up for?"

"For Hope's company. Isn't it pretty?" Mrs. Moss's tone held a gentle pride.

"Huh! I should think the company would be here then. It's seven o'clock."

Hope was now in the throes of an awful fear, which had been creeping on during the last hour. Hazel was not coming! She had ignored the invitation! She was one person on the stage and another off. Hope's face burned. A sort of helpless anger filled her. After all this—after all their pains! Her mother's face, flushed and expectant, met her gaze. She would not tell her! She would not destroy that gentle trust.

"I don't believe she is coming now mother," she said at last with a forced smile. "Perhaps she couldn't find us. But we don't care; we make merry by ourselves."

"Well, I'll dish up, then," said Mrs. Moss disappointedly. "If there were only somebody else we could invite, in! Seems such a pity—"

"It is a pity," Hope interrupted bitterly. "But never mind, mother."

"And the best angel food I ever made too!"

"I'll say so," cried Julius, disappearing through the door with a huge wedge. "Ate a whole quarter. So long, folks."

"To think of it," lamented Mrs. Moss, "a nice supper and nobody to eat it! You can take up the chicken between the biscuits, Hope, and I'll dish the potatoes. The biscuits have stood so long—hark, there goes the telephone. Maybe she's calling to explain."

"Maybe," said Hope bitterly. No, it was a plain case of snobbery, downright snobbery! Hazel hadn't intended to come! It was her way of showing the immeasurable gulf between them.

Hope took down the receiver. It was Mrs. Reilly, a neighbor, speaking. "What's that?" called Hope. "I don't understand, Mrs. Reilly. Some one got out of a taxi and rang and knocked at the front door? When—where—why?" She started.

"Why, yes, we've been here all the time! About five-thirty? Wait, let me see; I guess we must have been in the basement, freezing cream. Thank you so much for telling me, Mrs. Reilly—Yes, goodbye." Her cheeks were pink as she whirled away from the telephone. "Mother, she's all right! She came. I was wrong. She did come."

"What a pity," cried Mrs. Moss. "We'll just hustle these things back. Why, how inhospitable she must have thought us! Call her right up and tell her to come, Hope. Explain how it was—"

But Hope was already at the telephone calling the Selma apartments. "She'll be here in a few minutes," she exclaimed excitedly, several minutes later. "She was lovely about it. She thought we'd been called away or something, and she was so disappointed! O mother, the cream—and Julius gone—"

"I'll help you with it directly," said her mother, who was busy at the stove.

The bell rang as Hope was struggling with the freezer, and she hastened to the door. "I was just finishing the cream that caused all the trouble," Hope explained to Hazel after they had exchanged laughing greetings. "If you'll excuse me a moment—"

"Oh, let me go with you!" cried Hazel, locking arms with her. "Long ago I used to turn a freezer. Let me at that crank once—"

"Oh you mustn't!" Hope protested and barred the way with a slender arm. "Why, you're our guest! The ideal!" That the rich, Miss Loomis should go down the back stairs and pound ice in a gunny sack with an old flatiron.

"Away, minion!" The haughty Miss Loomis advanced with such impetus that the two girls clung together on the basement stairs to keep from falling. "Oh, if you only knew how I gloated over your invitation!"

"But after the Selma apartments," Hope began falteringly. The girls were in the basement now, and Hazel was turning vigorously while Hope balanced herself on the crosspiece.

"Not in it with a real home," said Hazel a trifle wistfully. "Don't tell me that's chicken I smell, Hope!"

"If you're through down there," came Mrs. Moss's voice at the basement door, "it's all on. Bring the freezer up, Hope. If the cream isn't done—"

"We'll call it *frappe*," said Hazel, laughing as she bounded up the stairs. She glanced with her clear blue eyes round the plain, old-fashioned dining room, and Hope's proud glance followed hers. The white cloth shone; its snowdrop pattern was like new-fallen snow. The yellow silk shade cast a golden gleam, and the lone chrysanthemum nodded as if in greeting.

"Why, it's beautiful," thought Hope with a sort of choking pride. For now she was no longer looking through another's eyes.—*Youth's Companion*.

Coral Island

The sea is like a great treasure-house, for in it are found the most beautiful and wonderful things. These wonders and treasures of the ocean are so many in number, that we should want a big book to tell about only a few of them.

In this chapter then we will read about some tiny little creatures that live in the warm seas, and when they die, their skeletons build up islands big enough for people to live in.

The skeletons, or hard remains of these little creatures, are called coral; and in one small part of the ocean there will be many millions of coral builders.

The hard, stony part of one of these creatures is very small; but when millions of these pieces of coral get together, they build up an island.

We may thus say that each coral animal makes its own gravestone, and that these stones all together form coral-land.

Perhaps you have seen a piece of coral, and have thought how pretty it looked. Well, when you have looked at a piece of white coral, you have seen a part of one of the islands or reefs that are so common in the Pacific.

The coral islands are not all alike. In some pictures you will see that one is like a ring in the ocean with a lake in the middle. These islands are often called fairy rings of ocean.

When the tide is out, the reef looks like a dry rock. Nothing is to be seen, for the little corals are shut up in their houses. But when the tide comes in, the waves dash over the reef, and millions of tiny creatures stretch out their arms.

For a long time, people used to think that the coral reef rose right up from the bottom of the sea. This was a great mistake, for the little corals cannot live at any great depth. The fact is, they find out a rock not far below the surface of the sea, and on this they grow.

Millions and millions of corals live and die, but still the growth of the island goes on little by little. At last the island or reef rises to the surface of the sea, and then the building is finished. The coral creatures cannot live out of the sea so their building does not rise above the water.

There is another kind of coral island which has a ring or reef of coral round it. The water between the island and the reef is as smooth as a lake; and even when the sea outside is rough, ships can enter it safely through an opening in the reef. If the lake were quite shut in, the water would be unfit for the animals.

On each side of the opening in the reef, the cocoa-nut palm grows. It has beautiful plumes, and these, as they wave about in the wind and the sunshine, serve as a mark to guide the sailors into the smooth lake.

At first the island is like a rough platform, and is covered with little pieces of coral. As the tide ebbs and flows, weeds and shells are left in it.

Little by little it rises higher and higher, and soon all the little holes get filled up.

Then seeds float about and drop on the new soil. They take root and begin to grow. After a while trees and shrubs appear. The little island begins to look beautiful, and pretty birds and other animals live on it.

At last, when all is ready, man appears and finds everything he wants to make him happy. Does it not seem wonderful that the hard, stony remains of little coral animals should make a beautiful island fit for the home of man!—*At Home and Abroad*.

National Association of the Deaf.

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March 24, 1924—Total Fund, \$5,525 01

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How To Remember the Nines.

Examine any one of the statement of equality in the multiplication table of nine, up to and including nine times ten. Select, for example, $9 \times 7 = 63$; or $9 \times 2 = 18$.

Observe that in each case the first digit in the product is one less than the number by which nine is multiplied; and the second digit in the product is such that when added to the first digit, the sum of the two is nine.

THE ROSETTA STONE

AND AN EGYPTIAN STORY

One of the wonders of the world is that ancient and fascinating river the Nile. Its banks are littered with the remains of a mysterious race, whose massive buildings still cast shadows on that wide, sandy plain.

For centuries "all the world wondered," and it still wonders about it all. The were so many things about these temples and monuments, for so they seemed to be, which puzzled even the learned and the students.

Something was lost—a link in the chain of the histories of great nations. And the old world wondered on, and did not know that anything was lost—anything that would help to answer all the questions, make clear all the puzzles, and tell what everyone wanted to know. What everyone wanted to know, most of all, was what those queer little pictures or carvings meant, all packed together and arranged like letters on a page. Yet they were not letters, they were pictures of birds and animals, and there were crosses and other strange marks cut and drawn in the stone. They were called hieroglyphs, and they covered whole walls of buildings. Pillars in temples were ringed with them; they were mixed in and around figures of men and women carved in the walls.

Then something was found—and it was not so long ago. In 1799 someone found the key to the mystery—the answer to the old world's questions.

The Rosetta is that key. It is not very large, about three feet by two, with a flat side, on which is carved an inscription in three languages. There are, first of all, some of those puzzling hieroglyphs—fourteen lines of them. Below that are thirty-two lines of a language called Demotic, and fifty-four lines of Greek. By comparison and careful deciphering of these three versions, the Egyptian alphabet was discovered. A clue was found for the lost language of Egypt.

After years of work and study on the part of three clever men whose names were Akerblad, Young, Champollion, the picture-writing was explained. The men who worked to get the alphabet from the Rosetta Stone told us that there were two kinds of signs, one for sounds and one for ideas, or pictures of the object spoken of. A picture word sometimes was a drawing of water poured from a jar, and would suggest water or rain. Birds are used as hieroglyphs, and the language students tell us that the bird always faces in the direction in which the writing is to be read. You may read Egyptian up or down, or from left to right. Animals, birds and fish were used as letters, or words, in this queer writing.

Besides all the wall writing there were found a great many manuscripts, or writing on papyrus, which is Egyptian paper. All the lost or hidden stories, which the Egyptian boys and girls used to hear, had been buried with the forgotten language. Now, because the Rosetta Stone was found, we may read and enjoy them as we may be sure they did. One of these stories has been recorded so often, and found in so many manuscripts, that we may conclude it was a favorite. It is called "The Peasant and the Workman," and relates how a poor peasant persevered in his attempts to secure justice after he had been ill treated. The sekhti, or the peasant of Egypt of the ninth dynasty, were not protected by the law, and often suffered unless the judges and the wise men could be interested in their trouble and fight for them. The sekhti had to win the notice and the friendship of the judge before he could hope for justice, and because this was difficult to do he was often made the victim of ruthless and grasping men.

In the salt country lived a peasant with his family. He was bringing to market, one day, a load of salt, and rushes, for it was his business to trade in these. The sturdy little asses were loaded heavily this day, and the peasant looked for a good return for his hard work in gathering the rushes and salt. He was happy as he journeyed along, thinking of the things he could buy for his family and the pleasure he was to give his boys when they would come to meet him in the evening. On his way to the city he had to pass through the lands of the house of Pefu, and the road passed by a canal. It was a very narrow road just here, and a cornfield had been planted almost to the edge of the water. The sekhti knew the road; he had often passed before, and had been careful, very careful, not to allow his animals to trample the corn. He would be careful this time, for the simple peasant did not wish to harm anyone nor did he wish to destroy his neighbor's crops. Tehuti-nekht had planted the field very close to water, and had encroached upon a public highway. He was the servant of a very high official called the Lord Steward Merutensa, a very powerful man in Egypt.

Tehuti-nekht saw the peasant coming down the road, and a wicked thought came to him. He quickly made plans to steal the goods and the asses of the poor peasant.

"Put my shawl on the path where it is narrow," he called to a servant. Down by the canal the sekhti was carefully driving his laden beasts to keep to the pathway. Then suddenly he stopped them. There, across the path, lay a beautiful robe, one end in the corn and the other hanging over the water's edge.

He halted the animals. What should he do? Tehuti-nekht was watching from the hill. The peasant started to go on.

Tehuti-nekht hurried down and called out, "Hold! Do not drive your beasts over my clothes." "I will try to drive around them," said the peasant, who did not wish to do any harm. And he began to drive his asses into the corn at the extreme edge of the shawl.

The trouble maker, Tehuti-nekht, pretended to be more angry still, and shouted:

"You are trampling my corn." "You have blocked the path," replied the gentle peasant, "I must get by."

Then followed an argument, and the sekhti did his best to avoid the wrath of the enemy who had plotted to injure him and steal from him.

Just then one of the animals began eating the corn.

"Look, now, your asses are eating my corn. You shall pay for it by giving him to me."

The poor sekhti knew that the quarrel would end in robbery, but he knew also that this man was only the servant of the owner of the estate.

"The lord steward treats robbers very hardly, and he will not allow me to be robbed by one of his own servants and on his own land."

"You are too poor to be allowed to go to him; who will listen to you? I am Lord Steward Merutensa," declared Tehuti-nekht untruthfully and boastfully. He beat the sekhti, then, and stole all his asses and goods.

The sekhti begged for mercy and implored him to restore his property—all he had in the world. He must have his animals, for by them he made a living. He would not leave without them. One whole day he begged the cruel robber to give back his goods. Then, knowing it was useless to stay longer, he went on to the city to find the Lord Steward Merutensa.

He found him just ready to leave for this judgment hall. The sekhti bowed himself to the ground before him, and asked to be heard. His request was granted by the kind lord steward, who, when he reached his judgment hall, laid the case before the nobles.

But the nobles said, "This peasant must bring a witness." The sekhti had none. The lord steward saw the peasant coming again, when he heard himself addressed as the "orphans' father," and "the guide of the needy," he could not help being interested in this persistent man who trusted him so much; yet he could not help him alone.

"I shall ask the king," he thought, and when he did the king replied: "Do not answer the peasant's speeches even if they are so fine, but put his words in writing and bring them to us. His wife and children shall be given food, but do not tell him that I am providing for them."

The lord steward followed the king's advice, and gave the peasant bread and gave his wife corn to feed herself and the children. The sekhti did not know where these came from.

He did not want to be helped in this way, he wanted justice, and he wanted his own property back again. Therefore he went again to the judgment hall and made a pleading address to the lord steward. A third time he appeared, and the lord steward seemed to pay no more attention than before. Then he ordered him to be beaten. The sekhti came again, and then again, and made the same kindly requests for justice. He never became angry, but patiently and persistently demanded justice.

Nine times he came; then the lord steward sent two messengers out to him. Was he to be beaten again? No. This time the word came that he would have his petitions granted, that the lord steward would write them on clean papyrus and send them to the king.

The King was so pleased with the speeches that he ordered the lord steward to give the peasant all he desired. All the property of the wicked Tehuti-nekht was taken from him and given to the good sekhti. The family of the peasant was brought to the king's palace, where they lived with their great and distinguished father. Yes, he became a great orator in the court and was made chief overseer of the country Nebkanra. The king and all the people loved him, for he was kind, and heard the people when they came to him for justice.

And so from simple tales like this, as well as from the inscribed histories of their great kings, we learn to know the Egyptians. The ancient, mysterious race becomes less mysterious and far away from us. The story of the courageous sekhti is only one of many stories revealed to the world through the discovery of the Egyptian alphabet upon the Rosetta Stone.

Yet there is much left for the world to wonder about; those amazing monuments to industry—the pyramids and the Sphinx; the wonder-

ful drawing and architecture of their temples; the art, so impressive, so simple and awe-inspiring. What was the thought in the mind of the artist of the Sphinx's message to the world? What did he want to tell the world?

Time has not destroyed the works nor the records of the history of this great nation. These they have left upon the banks of the great river, the Nile, which they loved and worshipped, and in these works we read an appeal coming to us down through the ages an appeal to be understood, of desire to be understood by the succeeding races of men. That appeal the old world got long before the finding of the Rosetta Stone.

Religious Notice

Baptist Evangelist to the Deaf. Will answer all calls.

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Saturday Evening, May 3, 1924 at 8 o'clock

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Admission, - - - 35 cents

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April 26th, 1924, 8:15 P.M.

Admission - - - 35 cents

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Newark Division, No. 42 National Fraternal Society of the Deaf

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Saturday Evening, April 26, 1924

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—OF THE—

Fanwood Athletic Association

UNDER AUSPICES OF THE

N. Y. INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF

TO BE HELD ON THE INSTITUTION'S GROUNDS

Friday Afternoon, May 30, 1924

FROM 1:30 TO 6:00 P.M.

1. Pillow Fighting. 2. Nail driving, for ladies only. 3. Miniature Circus Show.

Events open to All.

1. 100 yard dash. 4. 220-yard Run.
2. One Mile Run. 5. 440 yard Walk.
3. 880 yard Relay 6. 3 mile Bike Race.

PRIZES—1st and 2d, each event.

Prizes to be awarded by Isaac B. Gardner, M.A., Principal of the Institution.

Events will close with Frank T. Lux, 99 Fort Washington Avenue, New York City, not later than May 27th, 1924.

Admission to Grounds, 25 cents.

July 5th, 1924

AFTERNOON AND EVENING

ULMER PARK

Brooklyn, N. Y.

AUSPICES OF SILENT A. C.

NOTICE

Saturday Afternoon, June 21, 1924

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Remember the date!

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BRONX DIV. No. 92. N. F. S. D.

July 26th

GREATEST EVER

Particulars Later

Greater New York Branch OF THE National Association of the Deaf.

Organized to co-operate with the National Association in the furtherance of its stated objects. Initiation fee, \$1.50. Annual dues, \$1.00. Officers: Harry A. Gillen, President, 416 West 215 Street; Gilbert C. Bradlock, Secretary, 511 West 148th Street; Samuel Frankenheim, Treasurer, 18 West 107th Street. Meets Quarterly.

Manhattan Div., No. 87 National Fraternal Society of the Deaf

Organized for the convenience of those members living in the Borough of Manhattan, New York City, and this Division is well equipped for the admission of new members of good health and good character, and is prepared to provide excellent social pastimes. Among the advantages of this membership is the low rate of insurance and relief in sick and accident cases. It meets on the first Monday of each month in the "Hollywood," 41 West 124th Street. The President is Samuel Frankenheim and the Treasurer is Julius Scandell. Address all communications to: Secretary, Max M. Lubin, 22 Post Avenue, Manhattan, N. Y. 7-23-24

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BROOKLYN DIVISION No. 23, N. F. S. D. meets at 308 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y., on the first Saturday of each month. We offer exceptional provisions in the way of Life Insurance and Sick Benefits and unusual social advantages. If interested write: Secretary, BENJAMIN FRIEDWALD, Secretary, 4307-13th Avenue Brooklyn, N. Y.

Bronx Division, No. 92

Meets at Bronx Castle Hall, 49th Street and Walton Avenue, Bronx, N. Y. On the first Friday of each month. Visitors welcome. For information write to Joe Collins, Secretary, 495 West 130th Street, New York City.

Deaf-Mutes' Union League, Inc.

143 West 125th St., New York City.

The object of the Society is the social, recreative and intellectual advancement of its members. Stated meetings are held on the second Thursdays of every month at 8:15 P.M. Members are present for social recreation Tuesday and Thursday evenings, Saturday and Sunday at various times, and also on holidays. Visitors coming from a distance of over twenty-five miles, are always welcome. E. Souweine, President; S. Lowenthal, Secretary. Address all communications to 143 West 125th Street, New York City.

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OHIO.

The pupils, and perhaps the teachers too, were quite pleased Tuesday in chapel when Mr. Jones announced that all had been invited to the Shrine's Circus—an indoor affair in the coliseum at the State Fair grounds. Several star trapeze performers are on the program.

We heard the other day that Mr. Charles Sheets, of Fostoria, had been bumped by a Big Four train, but do not know how seriously he was injured.

Rev. George Flick, of Chicago, but a graduate of the Ohio School, is now on his way to Seattle, Washington, where he is to assist in the ordination of Mr. Olaf Hanson.

The Ladies' Charity Circle of Cincinnati will give a domino and enche social, at Doyle Hall, on May 17th, for the benefit of the Ohio Home. Mrs. John Hahn is chairman for the social, and the price of admission will be 25 cents.

The Columbus Advance Society has set its heart upon owning a car, to assist folks in getting out to the Home, and turned over the entire receipts of their Valentine Social (\$158) to that fund. No doubt subscriptions will come in and the goal be reached ere long.

March and another leap year marriage to be reported! This time it is down at Rushtown.

The parties most concerned were Mr. Charles Grimes and Mrs. Jennie Mueley Bowman. They will make their home in Portsmouth.

From a report of 1923 of the N. F. S. D., was gleaned a few facts that may prove interesting. In the number of members Ohio leads with 605 credited and New York follows with 579 members. In the amount invested in insurance Ohio members lead with \$497,250, and Illinois comes second. Dayton has the oldest division in Ohio, and Ohio ranks second to New York in the number of divisions. The report was quite surprising to the writer.

The Toledo Frats had a very fine St. Patrick's party, on March 15th. The ladies served a fine supper in the dining room at Klapp Hall, and games were enjoyed in another room. On admission tickets Mr. Myron Burt, a last year's graduate, won a china set, and with it plans to start his *hops chest*. From surrounding towns came Mr. and Mrs. Whitacre, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Whitacre, Mr. and Mrs. Otis Yoder, Mrs. Hetzel, Mr. and Mrs. N. Piliot, Misses C. Householder and Oliver Ferrenberg, Mr. A. Cowden, Mr. H. Weber, Mr. L. Mockler and Mr. C. Pope.

The affair was managed by Mesdames Hannan, Augustus, Opicka, Fussing, Hetzel, Neal and Walton, and they did themselves proud.

Mr. Frank Shanahan, of Fremont, came near losing a hand at the Carbon Company factory, while fixing a belt. As it was, he suffered a badly injured hand, but is now able to work at the factory again. He has been a faithful worker in the same factory for thirty-six years, and could retire on a pension, but prefers to stick to work.

The Toledo Silent Basketball team while on a trip into Michigan, made a stop at Swanton and were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Norbert Piliot, the latter seeing to it that the players got plenty to eat. By the way, this team had hoped to win the Y. M. C. A. championship loving cup, but had to see it go to a better team. Better luck to you next year, boys!

Mr. William Morehouse has been working at the Overland factory in Toledo through the winter, but will take himself to Cygnet in the spring to assist his father-in-law on his farm.

The Columbus McGuffey Society held its sixth annual party in the dining room at the school, Tuesday evening. Some of the older girls assisted in serving the lunch and some of the girls contributed to the pleasure of the two hundred and sixty guests by exhibitions of dancing. Former Governor James E. Campbell and Dr. Ricketts, of Cincinnati, were the principal speakers. Both called the Guffey the pioneer of education in Ohio thru his series of school readers he strove to teach patriotism, love, education and religion. The McGuffey Society has helped the Ohio Home financially by these annual parties, as each year they hand over all that is earned after the paying expenses, which is usually \$100.

This morning the pupils with their teachers were invited by the manager of the Majestic Theatre to see "Richard, the Lionhearted," a sequel to Robin Hood. Needless to say all enjoyed the treat. Thursday evening, "Grandma's Boy," by Harold Lloyd, was given in the school chapel for the benefit of the Japanese fund. The fund is gradually growing. Mr. Philip Holden who operates the machine is becoming more expert and the pictures are well given.

Mr. H. Hartard, who is employed in the kitchen at the school, was busy slicing bacon on the cutting machine, and had a piece of one unamb sliced off in with the bacon. It all happened so suddenly that Mr.

Hartard hardly realized what had happened till the pain grew severe. He is on the road to recovery now, and will be able to distinguish his own hands from bacon hereafter.

Mr. Geo. Phillbaum, who at one time was a pupil in the Ohio School, found himself tangled up in bad with another deaf man in Indiana. He was accused of forgery, but when the trial came off March 5th no case could be found against him. Mrs. Gusie Greener Sherman was called in as interpreter in the case. When the State asked her what she knew about the sign language, she told them that she "was born and raised in it." So no one objected to her work as interpreter.

The following from the Dayton (Ohio) Herald of a few weeks ago is proof that impostors are still abroad: "Edw. Hoffman, a county clerk of courts, issued a warning Saturday against a deaf and dumb man, who has been informed is soliciting funds in various Dayton office buildings and displaying a paper purporting to be authority from the clerk's office. The man was in the clerk's office several days ago, Hoffman said, and asked to be sworn to an affidavit merely stating that he was deaf and dumb."

March 28, 1924.

OMAHA

On Saturday evening, March 22d, a Buncce party was given by the March Entertainment Committee of No. 32, composed of Leo R. Holway, E. R. Dobson and Wm. Banerack. Fifteen tables were played at Buncce and great interest prevailed on account of the handsome prizes offered. The men outnumbered the ladies by quite a margin, so several had to substitute. Miss Kemp and (Miss) O. H. Blanchard each won electric irons. Mrs. O'Brien won third prize, a two pound box of sweets. The men's first prize, a nickel plated auto radiator look went to Tom Harris, with 13 games out of 16 to his credit. Messrs. John Marly, John Thompson, Anton Natul and Charles Flood were second with twelve games each, and Mr. Marly three lowest dice and won an auto tire tester, with Mr. Netul third, seventy-five cents in cash. A mahogany sewing cabinet was raffled off, for which Joe Kynel drew the lucky number. We think Messrs. Blanchard and Kynel should begin to consider the matrimonial question with such useful things on hand. Sandwiches, coffee and cookies made by Mrs. Holway were served at the close. Out of town visitors were Harry Stark, Pierce, Neb.; Morris Cormon, from Connecticut; Tom Harris, Omaha, Ia., and Elmer Hanson, Fort Dodge, Ia.

Our long deferred hope of bringing our boys into the organization of the Boy Scouts of America is now realized. Troop No. 20 has been duly formed under the direction of Scout Executive Davis of Council Bluffs, with Luther H. Taylor as scoutmaster.

Two patrols are in process of preparation for the tenderfoot tests, the Buffaloes and the Back Bears. We have long wanted to identify our boys with the splendid organization which is doing so much for Young America, but heretofore we have not been able to adjust our list of daily duties so as to bring the scout work into the important part it deserves. This difficulty was finally solved in the only way possible, by the substitution of scouting for the industrial work on two afternoons a week. Boys taken into the troop are excused from their industrial classes on Monday and Friday afternoons, thus giving them ample freedom to work under the scoutmaster.

The two patrols are a nucleus about which we hope to rally all our boys of scouting age.—*Iowa Hawkeye.*

Rev. J. H. Cloud was in Omaha lately. He gave a very interesting lecture the first night at the Nebraska School, on the life of Edward Bok, and on the following evening he held services at Trinity Cathedral. There was an unusually large crowd, and Bishop Shayer was there to help with the confirmation of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Chase, Mrs. Malvin Gomme, Miss Florence Sessler and John Posposil. After this Bishop Shayer gave a very beautiful sermon. Omaha Episcopal diocese decided to adopt the name of All Souls' Mission.

Louise Haurigan, a deaf-mute of Fremont, his wife, also deaf and who can talk very little, and their little baby, had a narrow escape from injury Sunday night March 9th, when a truck in which they were riding, plunged over the embankment just north of the Platte River bridge, south of Fremont, and hung suspended on the grade. The occupants managed to crawl out and haul a passing car. They were not injured and no damage resulted to the truck.

If they had driven a foot further, say witnesses, the car would have turned over and plunged down the deep incline. Only the presence of mind of Mr. Haurigan in stopping the car, saved them from probable injury.—*Omaha Evening Tribune.*

HAL.

PITTSBURGH.

The fourth inter-church socials held at the First Baptist Church in the Fountain Room on Friday evening, March 14th, was well attended. The Rev. C. W. Petty, D.D., pastor of the church, delivered a brief but interesting address. Owing to a previous engagement he was unable to remain long. His assistant, Rev. David N. Boswell, gave the address of welcome and also told the story of St. Patrick, who he said was not a Catholic as many supposed, but a Baptist. Responses were made by Mr. F. A. Leitner, layreader of Trinity Episcopal Church, Mrs. J. M. Keith, interpreter for the deaf of the Eighth Street Reformed Presbyterian Church, and Mr. E. D. Read, interpreter at the First Presbyterian Church of Wilkinsburg. A demonstration of what the Sunday school class of the First Baptist Church was doing was given by three of the members with their teacher, Mr. Downing. Supt. A. C. Manning spoke on how the church work among the deaf supplements the work of the school. Among others who took the platform were Messrs. George M. Teegarden and John L. Friend. Refreshments consisting of ice cream, cake and coffee, were served by the deaf ladies of the First Baptist Church. The entertainment, which was enjoyed by all present, was arranged by C. R. Myles kindly assisted by Mr. Downing, interpreter for the Deaf of the Baptist Church.

It was announced that the last social for the year would be held at the Lutheran Church some time in April.

The Frats lived up to the advance notices of the event of March 15th, which promised "the best time of 'very body's' life." At least no one reports an occasion in his recollection, which rivaled this one in the amount of fun and wit that prevailed and the variety of games indulged in. St. Patrick was the main topic on the literary program, which was as follows:—

"The Father of the Irish People, F. M. Holway," "Experience of an Irish man," F. A. Leitner. Dialogue—"The Peace Prize," Jan. McGivern and Cliff Davis. "A Trip to the North Place," William McK. Stewart and J. L. Friend.

Every one on the program brought forth much laughter. This may seem strange to some people, who know that the saint was not a funny man at all, on the contrary a prayerful, God-fearing man, ever concerned about the spiritual welfare of the Irish race. But the Irish are known to be ready witted, fun loving people, and St. Patrick happens to be regarded, and rightly so, as the father of the race.

At the conclusion of the program there was a little dancing, then games in which featured Irish names, such as "Marching to Ireland," "St. Patrick," etc. The game of "St. Patrick" was something new to every one present, except the author of same. The name was written in big letters on the blackboard, and as many words as could be manufactured out of the letters were put down on paper in ten minutes. Walter E. Bosworth's list showed the largest number of words—23. The occasion was such that parts of it cannot fail to linger along in even a fading memory. The lion's share of the credit for getting that up goes to Mr. Samuel Nichols.

Mr. Merrill Postlethwaite, who it will be remembered lost his wife a little more than a year ago, and Miss Grace Buterbaugh, were quietly married by the Justice of Peace at Punxsutawney, February 20th. Grace had acted as his housekeeper since the death of the first wife. Mr. Postlethwaite will take back his children from the Orphans' home, now that he is assured they will have the proper care under their own roof.

The Altoona deaf, seen in this big burg last week, were Miss Bertha Edmiston and Messrs. George B. Stevenson, C. H. Baudis, and Harvey E. Rager. The last three are employed by the P. R. R. in the world-famous car shops, where the majority of the deaf men, living in Altoona, can be found.

Aroibald Hartin, an ex-student of Gallaudet, has taken a new position as boss laundryman at the Western Pennsylvania School for the Deaf.

The Pittsburgh Branch of the Gallaudet College Alumni Association gave a literary program on Saturday evening, March 22d, at McGough Hall. The speaker of the evening was Mr. G. M. Teegarden, who gave a reading on Scott's "Lady of the Lake." It was great. Although he had delivered that same reading in bygone years it still held the audience spellbound. Owing to the time it took to deliver the story, the program had to be abbreviated with a recitation "Little Orphan Annie," by Mrs. F. M. Holliday. The attendance was not as large as anticipated, on account of the affair not having received enough advertisement.

Mr. Odie Underhill, of the Florida School faculty, on a trip of visits to various schools, stopped at the Edgewood School March 20th. Ye scribe, a college mate and warm personal friend, called at the school

and remained till the midnight hour going over "old times." When he made his exit it was all white outside, the snow of the slushy kind being ankle deep. It had caught him unawares and minus his rubbers. The rest is left to the reader's imagination.

A congregation of seventy greeted Rev. F. C. Smielan on his mouthy visit to our city Sunday, March 23d. In his sermon he dwelt on the customs, ceremonies and rituals of different denominations, and by way of illustration gave some interesting stories. The two children of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Harkless were baptized at the service, with Mr. and Mrs. Philip Schroedel as godparents; the boy was named Robert Paul and the girl Edna Gladys.

Lay-reader Painter held his first service outside of Pittsburgh Sunday, March 23d, when he went to Beaver Falls. After the service, when the deaf were waiting for the trolley to New Brighton, a swell limousine came along and stopped. Out stepped the Right Reverend Alexander Mann, Bishop of Pittsburgh, and in his democratic way, shook hands with each individual. We wonder how many other Bishops or clergy would do the same!

Joshua Finley has finally taken the plunge into matrimonial waters. Thus we have another addition to the community in the person of Mrs. Finley, who was Mrs. David Wilson of Atlantic City, a widow. It is understood that they will make their home in Wilkinsburg after April 1st.

Mrs. Harry Bulger, of Canton, Ohio, passed through Pittsburgh on her way to Altoona, where she attended the funeral of an aunt two weeks ago, and remained a week with a sister.

Lewis Saylor, the ten years old and only son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Saylor, of Altoona, died in a hospital at 6:30 P. M., March 22d, of mastoiditis. Funereal services were held the following Wednesday afternoon, Rev. F. C. Smielan officiating. The bereaved parents have our deepest sympathy.

Mrs. A. Richman and Mrs. J. Buterbaugh, of Altoona, to get a day's respite from household cares, took in the excursion to New York City one Sunday recently, and enjoyed themselves as much as was possible during such a brief stay.

M. F. HOLLIDAY.

SEATTLE.

Mrs. August Koberstein passed away on Monday, March 10th, and was buried the following Thursday in the Cemetery at Ballard. Mrs. Koberstein had suffered from tuberculosis for over three years, and was for a long time an inmate of the Firlands Tuberculosis Hospital. Nearly a year ago she was considered to be so much improved that she returned home, but shortly afterwards began to fail again. The funeral, which was largely attended by the deaf, was under the direction of the Knights and Ladies of Security, a lodge in which both Mr. and Mrs. Koberstein were insured. Besides her husband, four children survive Mrs. Koberstein, two daughters by a former marriage, and two sons. The older of the daughters is married and living in Kansas, and the younger is with an aunt. The youngest boy, a beautiful and intelligent child of two, will be taken by Mr. Koberstein's sister of California. Every one who knew Mrs. Koberstein liked her for her warm heart and vivacious personality. Her untimely end is deeply regretted.

Mr. Koberstein received a thousand dollars in insurance from the Knights and Ladies of Security, and was very thankful for this timely help.

Mrs. Pauline Gustin and Mrs. Emily Eaton recently spent a couple of days at Medina, across Lake Washington, with Mrs. Cassels, Emily's sister. It was the first time they had seen this fine new home. The Cassels recently traded it for the one they had at Mt. Baker Park.

A little card reached us the other day from Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Keeley, of Salt Lake City, announcing the birth on March 12th, of little Miss Helen Keeley. Mr. Keeley will be well remembered as our own Jessie Busby. We extend congratulations, and hope the lassie will grow up to be as charming as her mother.

The uncle of Diane Ingraham died last week, after a stroke of paralysis. He resided in Tacoma, but the funeral was in Seattle under the direction of the Scottish Rites Masons, and was very impressive. Many relatives attended it, both of Diane's parents coming from Spokane for that purpose.

We are glad to announce that Oscar Sanders will probably be in Seattle for some time to come, as he contemplates coming here to look for work. All of the deaf, and especially the younger element, will rejoice.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Harold Linde, of Portland, who have been living eight miles out of Portland for nearly a year, have bought a new house in the northern part of the city, and moved into it. Their present address is 401 East 51st Street, North. One of these days we hope to visit that new home.

Frank Kelly and Harold Harris are now boarding with the Garrisons. Mrs. Garrison is an old family friend of Frank's.

Mrs. John Kronschuabe, who will be better known by her maiden name of Alberta Wright, is now with the MacDougal Southwick Company, the oldest department store in Seattle, and by many considered the best. She is in the advertising department, and does the art sketches to illustrate advertisements. Alberta has from an early age shown great talent for drawing, which she inherits from her mother, and developed it by a course at both the Lincoln High School and the Cornish School. Her designs show originality as well as graceful outlines.

Alfred K. Waugh, who has not been working steadily for a long time, has recently been doing some kalsomining and inside painting for the Roots and Hansons, who are pleased with work. He has a prospect of several other jobs about the yards and homes of his friends. Roy Harris is just starting up working as carpenter on a large job and is mightily relieved, as it was dull for him nearly the whole of the fall and winter.

Mrs. Karl Johnson got up a surprise birthday party for Mrs. John Dortero the evening of the 13th, and there was a very pleasant little crowd at the latter's home in honor of the occasion. Mattie received a pretty leather hand-bag from her friends, who also brought a great variety of cakes to be served later in the evening with coffee. Card games of various sorts were played, five hundred, seven up, rummy, and several others. Everyone had a good time.

On Saturday, March 22d, came off the Frats party at the Wright house, and proved a right pleasant affair. There were sixty or more in attendance. When the guests reached the front door there was a sign informing them that the place was a garage. The evening was spent chiefly with cards, but in various ways the idea was conveyed that it was an automobile evening. A sign, "(No S) parking Allowed" was fastened to a table stand and moved from table to table. Frank Kelly acted as traffic cop, and pinned on various hapless persons signs that for speeding or some other violation of traffic regulations summoned them to appear before Judge Hugo Holcombe. Later each individual so tagged was fined a small sum by the judge. Salad, cake and coffee were then passed, and all through the evening there was the usual visiting between friends.

Andrew Genner, Otto John, Edgar Winchell, John Brinkman, and Harrison Gormley are working at a planer and sawmill in Dover, Idaho. Mrs. Winchell is there also to comfort them when they feel homesick.

Among those attending the Dortero party on the 13th, were two visitors in the city who gave their name as Frank Kidder and sister, of Chicago. Mr. Kidder said that his father was a clothing merchant, and had a large store at LaSalle and State Streets (or something like that) in Chicago, that he was in business with his father; that he had a two weeks vacation, and that as his wife was sick in Chicago, he had taken his sister along for company on the trip. He spoke of many people in Chicago, and evidently was well acquainted. He talked pleasantly and entertained the company with some clever card and sleight-of-hand tricks. They left early in the evening, saying that they had an appointment to meet a friend in Tacoma, and after visiting there for a day would return to Chicago.

Saturday, March 15th, word came from Vancouver and Victoria, B. C., to look out for a deaf couple, who were soliciting funds to aid starving children in Germany, that they were frauds, and were wanted by the police in Winnipeg. We first thought of the Kidders, but it did not seem possible it could be they, as they appeared to be such nice people, and they made no attempt to solicit money in Seattle.

A few days later, however, we learned that they had worked Tacoma, and obtained \$48 from the deaf there. A warning was wired to Portland to be on the lookout for them. They had worked Portland, however, before the warning arrived. But they were arrested in Salem, Oregon, Sunday, March 23d, and placed in jail pending investigation of complaints from Portland and Tacoma. In Salem, they gave the name of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Stutesman, of Chicago. If the couple under arrest is the same that visited Seattle, and worked Tacoma, and other places, which seems very likely, it is a source of gratification that they have been run down. It should serve a warning to others in search of easy money that such a game cannot be played long with impunity; and the deaf should be on their guard not to give their money to strangers.

Mr. Kidder (if that is his name), who visited Seattle, is about five feet three inches, of slight build, about 130 pounds, dark hair, a ready talker, good sign maker, but makes mistakes in spelling names. His "sister," is about same height, but stouter, of rosy complexion, and seemed rather quiet and talked little during the evening. She was

well dressed and wore a diamond. They might well be what they claimed, and if they are not the same people as those under arrest, it is a strange coincidence. Mr. Kidder spoke several times of the JOURNAL's Chicago correspondent, as if he knew him well. Does Mr. Meagher know Frank Kidder, and his sister, whose father is a clothing merchant in Chicago?

THE HANSONS.
SEATTLE, March 25, 1924.

Rochester News.

On the evening of February 9th Harold Beyer, a young chap, just out of the Rochester School for the Deaf, was given a big surprise by his boy chums in celebrating his twenty-first birthday at his home, on Kishingbeyer Street. He was well-remembered by receiving many nice useful presents. His chums also tendered another surprise for Arnold Slater, whose birthday was fallen on about that time. At Harold's home on the same evening the boys gave a party for Harold.

Clayton McLaughlin's hearing sister, who had been long invalided, returned home to Rochester on February the fourteenth, after a pleasant and beneficial trip to Connecticut and New York City, where she spent a month. Up to this date, their sister is reported to have improved greatly in her health, so many friends of hers are very much pleased to hear it.

Misses Jessie Ramsay and Doris Meyers, both seniors at the University of Rochester, spent the weekend of February 22d with the latter's grandmother and relatives in Albion. They were much benefited by a few days' rest at Albion before they returned to the University on the twenty fifth.

Rochester friends of Mr. and Mrs. Rozboril were surprised to learn that Mrs. M. Rozboril had gone to Dallas, Texas, to visit with her sister, while Mr. Rozboril was staying at Flint, Michigan, where he has a position this winter. Mrs. M. Rozboril has been offered a position to teach in one of oral classes at the Michigan School, and she will start to do so next fall.

Saturday evening, March 1st, Miss Georgiana Smith had about thirty friends to a jolly sleigh party. They left the Y. W. C. A. building at seven thirty in a crowd of sleigh, and rode through the streets of southern Rochester for two hours. Returning to the Y. W. C. A. building, they had refreshments and also a few games to play. Georgiana Smith deserved, for giving her friends a jolly time that evening, thanks from every one.

Recently the Rochester School for the Deaf purchased a large, old, abandoned school building nearby from the city. The old building was at one time used as a zoo for wild animals, long ago before it became a public school for hearing children. But since a few years ago it had been abandoned, until the school purchased it. The writer has not yet learned what the school is planning to do with it.

The Alumni Literary Society held its monthly meeting at the St. Luke's Parish House, on Thursday evening, March 6th. The program was opened with roll call, by asking each member names of stores and on what street each store named located. Mr. Clayton McLaughlin, one of the valued teachers at the Rochester School, gave an interesting talk on the automobile bill that the New York Legislature had passed a few days ago. Following Mr. McLaughlin, Mr. Ira Todd asked the audience questions on interesting facts up-to-date. "Rah! Rah! Rah!" Choclates were served to each member at the close of the meeting.

Rosello Ackerman returned to Rochester to make his home, from Syracuse, a few weeks ago. He is now working as a printer at the *Union Times*, where he used to work for some time before he left the city for Syracuse.

"A Post-graduate" course in horseback riding is being given at the cavalry armory in Culver Road by Sergeant Raymond Thrasher in conjunction with the class of Y. W. C. A. girls. He instructs on Tuesdays nights. Only five girls are in the advanced class and all are deaf. They are Misses Smith, McLaughlin, Sielo and Hermance and Mrs. F. Hughes.

Mr. Underhill, from the Florida School, came to Rochester, N. Y., on a flying trip on Saturday, March 22d. He was a guest of Mr. Clayton McLaughlin, and he made a very brief visit to the Rochester School, and he would have stayed in town longer if not for the Pittsburghers holding him for another day. He left Rochester for Rome, to visit with his old friend, Principal O. R. Betts, the same evening. Many Rochesterians were keenly disappointed at not having met and known him. Mr. Underhill, the next time you come, we want you to stay in Rochester longer, for the sake of meeting us.

Mr. Yates Lansing, a graduate of the Rome School, found his way to Rochester, on March 26th, from

Little Falls, where he had been for some time. He has secured a nice position as a printer with the Henry Conolly Company. Yates, we, the Rochesterians, welcome you and wish you to be one of us from now on. He is making his home at the Central Y. M. C. A., where several young deaf reside.

"Doc."

FANWOOD.

On Thursday evening, the 27th inst., the Eighth Oral Class, taught by Professor Frank Thomason, entertained in the chapel for the Fanwood Literary Association. We had readings and a debate won by the affirmative side.

The program as follows:—

READING—"Bishop Hatto and the Rat," by William Nixon.

READING—"Cleopatra," by Florence Kaiser.

READING—"The One Priceless Thing," by Harry Whitman.

READING—"The Story of a Great Story," by Frances Brown.

DEBATE—Resolved, That the West Side is a better place to live than the East Side.

AFFIRMATIVE NEGATIVE
Harry Whitman Philip Brickman

READING—"The Princess on the Glass Hill," by Morris Forman.

READING—"The Cuckoo in the Clock," by Anna Mahler.

READING—"Lafayette and the Wolf," by Elizabeth Mills.

READING—"The Horseshoe Nails," by Philip Brickman.

On Friday evening, March 28th, Lieutenant Frank Lux, Physical Director, and Cadet Lieutenant Benny Shafrauek, went to 22d Regiment Armory to see a basket game between the Passaic High School, and the Catholic Brothers, Syracuse, N. Y. The Passaics won by the score of 29 to 17.

On Tuesday morning, the 25th inst., the weather was clear, the battalion began to drill in the boys' yard.

PRESENTATION OF LETTER "F"

1. Letters "F" (to the length of 6 inches) will be awarded to every new member of the Fanwood Athletic Association at the end of the first year upon the fulfillment of probationary conditions.

2. Letter "F" (to the length of 8 inches) will be awarded to a member who has been connected with the Association for two years; he must also show an active interest in athletics, and his conduct and ability give satisfaction in school.

3. Letter "F" (to the length of 10 inches) will be awarded to a faithful athlete, a representative of N. Y. I. D., at various places where athletic contests may be held, when his conduct and ability in school are satisfactory.

4. Letter "F" (to the length of 12 inches) will be awarded to a successful athlete, who has done much for N. Y. I. D. through four years of service in different sports; also in High School more than two years. He will be considered as a championship athlete, honored by members of Fanwood Athletic Association, upheld by the Principal of New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf.

Through the generosity of one of our benevolent directors, who has heretofore from time defrayed the cost of equipping several departments of the Institution with electricity, we are now to have all the building electrically illuminated. This great improvement will not only give us more light, but will be better from a health standpoint and will be a factor in eliminating a fire hazard.

Last Saturday afternoon the relay runners contemplated practising on the field at Macomb Park (in front of Yankee Stadium), but they had to give it up, because of the rain. They will go there every Saturday.

Recent selection of five track relay runners was made by our Physical Director, Frank Lux. They are as follows: Cadet Drum Major James Garriek, the captain of the relay team, Lieut. Band Leader Richard Pokorny, Lieut. B. Shafrauek, Musician Corporal Frank Heintz, Corporal Harold Yager.

Mr. A. McL. Baxter, a graduate of thirty years ago, visited the printing office last Monday. On April 15th, he starts for Florida, where will spend two weeks, then he goes to Havana, Cuba, and afterwards to California by way of the Panama Canal. After a short stay he returns to New York via the Great Lakes, and expects to get home by the middle of June.

ROBERT AND RUDOLPH.

There is a lighthouse for airmen in Kent, England. It throws out a very bright light and can be seen a very great distance. Many other air lighthouses have been built on the British airway to India and Egypt.

NEW YORK, APRIL 10, 1924.

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, at 163d Street and Ft. Washington Avenue, is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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One Copy, one year, \$2.00
To Canada and Foreign Countries, 2.50

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All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in their communications. Contributions, subscriptions and business letters to be sent to the

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
Station M, New York City.

"He's true to God who's true to man:
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Notice concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged at the rate of ten cents a line.

THE DEAF of Seattle, Wash., and Portland, Ore., have done a good thing by the arrest of a deaf-mute swindler that has been preying upon the gullible public for the past three or four years.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL called attention to the scamp who was at the time operating in Canada, and had just fleeced a deaf-mute couple out of twenty-five dollars. Consequently when he crossed the border into the United States they were ready for him.

He calls himself Frank Stutzman, but there is doubt as to his real name, for he has gone under several fictitious names. He had a woman with him when he was caught, whom he had lured from her home and children in the East.

We print his picture as made by police, and will be glad to have his identity revealed. If any of our readers recognize him, please write to the editor of this paper, giving his name, where he was educated, and other pertinent facts.

THE Belgian deaf have issued invitations throughout the world to join with them in celebrating the sixtieth anniversary of the Society for Mutual Aid (Société des Secours Mutuels) at Liege, beginning on June 8th, and continuing to the 11th, inclusive.

They had planned a celebration of the 50th Anniversary on the 15th, 16th, and 17th of August, 1914, which was interrupted by the great World War—if we recollect, just one day previous to the meeting.

An elaborate program has been prepared for June 8th to 11th of this year, which includes a reception of welcome, an international parade, a reception by the authorities at the City Hall, and an opening session at the Academy Hall of the University of Liege, besides visits to local places of interest, an address by Mr. Eugene Graff, of Paris, an athletic tournament, a banquet, and an automobile trip to watering places, etc.

This is to be sandwiched between three sessions of the Congress.

The month of June is not favorable for any attendance from the United States, but we do hope that our country will be represented.

The president of the Congress is Mr. Robert Dresse, assisted by prominent officials chosen from the founders and veterans of the Society.

THE Silent Observer of March 15th, issues a memorial edition, eulogizing the late William O. Brantum, who for fifty-two years was a teacher of the deaf at the Tennessee Institution at Knoxville. He died on January 26th, of this year, at the age of 78 years.

Onyx is a variety of quartz consisting of layers of different colors, usually in even planes.

Gallaudet College.

Unfavorable weather conditions prevented what was to have been the opening ball game of the season, with the University of Maryland. Anyway it will give our men more time in which to oil the kinks in the machine. Team work is our only hope, when we take on the big University teams.

The campus privilege, which again comes into effect during the third term, is very much enjoyed by the students, even though the weather has been a bit adverse. Already that ruddy, healthy glow, is beginning to show on the faces of those who are tempted out on the Green, at noon and in the evenings. The privilege serves the purpose well.

Mr. Hyman LeBow, of New York, a former member of Class 1926, was a visitor Sunday. He had a friend along with him, who came to give the town the once over.

The Y. W. C. A. Cabinet officers of the University of Maryland, George Washington University and of Gallaudet, held a joint meeting here on Wednesday, the 26th. Miss Condon, Grand Secretary of the Y. W. C. A., from New York, was the principal speaker at the meeting.

The local chapter served tea for the visitors after the conference. Miss Condon remained over and lectured to the Co-eds in the evening.

The Co-eds held their annual indoor interclass gymnastic meet in the gymnasium on the twenty-eighth. The junior class, or class 1925, was victorious for the fourth consecutive time. Miss Weinana Edwards, '25, of South Carolina, was the individual point winner, with 43 points. When it comes to Athletics, South Carolina sends us individuals who make the rest of us go way, way back, and sit down. Wonder what it is that gives the boys and girls down that way such perfect bodily control. From what we know about it, it must be sweet-potatoes.

Miss Emma Sandberg, '25, the Colorado avalanche, was second, and Miss Edythe Ozbun, '27, the Kansas cyclone, was third with twenty points.

By the victory the Juniors again gained possession of the silver loving cup. The class of 1927 was second, and the P. C.'s were third.

Dr. Hall, Prof. Hughes and Miss Coleman, were the judges.

INDIAN CLUBS:—

1 Miss Clark, 2 Miss Edwards, 3 Miss Kannappell.

DUMB BELLS:—

1 Miss Ozbun, 2 Miss Cohen, 3 Miss Edwards.

SWEDISH EXERCISES:—

1 Miss Sandberg, 2 Miss Kannappell, 3 Miss Edwards.

WANDS:—

1 Miss Edwards, 2 Miss Ozbun, 3 Miss Caldwell.

PARALLEL BARS:—

1 Miss Edwards, 2 Miss Sandberg, 3 Miss Caldwell.

BOOM:—

1 Miss Edwards, 2 Miss Ozbun, 3 Miss Sandberg.

WINDOW LADDER:—

1 Miss Edwards, Miss Clark, 3 Miss McVan.

HORSE (side):—

1 Miss Edwards, 2 Miss Sandberg, 3 Miss Clark.

HORSE (center):—

1 Miss Sandberg, 2 Miss Edwards, 3 Miss Ozbun

HIGH LADDER (no turning):—

1 Miss Ozbun, 2 Miss McVan 3 Miss Sandberg

HIGH LADDER (turning):—

1 Miss Edwards, 2 Miss Sandberg 3 Miss McVan

ROPES:—

1 Miss Sandberg, 2 Miss Ozbun, 3 Miss Kannappell.

HIGH JUMP:—

1 Miss Newton, 2 Misses Dobson and Kannappell.

The Junior Class won the class relay race.

The Women's Athletic Association held its eighth annual banquet Saturday evening, in the girl's dining room.

MENU
Bouillon Saltines
Olives Celery
Veal Croquettes
Mashed Potatoes Green Peas
French Rolls
Pineapple Salad Mayonnaise
Salted peanuts Mints
Harlequin Cream
Cafe Noir

TOASTS

[Toastmistress, Ella Clarkson, '24.]
"The Spectator" . . . Miss Coleman
"Spirit and Grit" . . . Lalla Wilson, '24
"What An Athlete Must Be" . . . Emma Sandberg, '25

Coach Elstod awarded letters to the following: Misses Sandberg, Capt., Dobson, Newton and Kannappell. Manager Jackson received

an honorary "G," and Misses Clark and Mulhern received honorary mention. Dr. Hall awarded ribbons to each winner of places in the gymnasium meet, and also gave championship "G's" to Misses Edwards, Sandberg and Ozbun.

Miss Miriam Kelly, of Mississippi, a member of the Preparatory Class withdrew from college recently. We are sorry to lose this charming young lady. This makes the second withdrawal from this class this year.

April 1st lived up to its name of being All Fool's Day, and brought a foot of snow. March went out like a lion with a load of buckshot in him. The lovers of the great outdoors enjoyed some coasting on Camp Meade that day.

Miss Marie Parker, P. C., who was called home last week by the death of his sister, has returned to Fowler Hall to resume her studies. We sympathize with this winsome miss in her bereavement.

A memorial library to the late Miss Sarah Harvey Porter is to be established in the Kendall School, out of respect to Miss Porter's memory. All books belonging to the Normal Department will be kept there. Miss Porter was an instructor in our Normal Department for many years.

Mr. James Milligan, ex-'27, of Scranton, Pa., was a visitor, Sunday. He is now employed in a lace mill in that city. He was royally received by the Mt. Airy boys.

The O. W. L. S. had a literary meeting of April 5th.

The following programme made up the meeting:

LECTURE—Mr. Drake, '04.

CHARACTER CONTEST:

Miss Kannappell, '27—A Sheikh.
Miss Ukal, P. C.—A Japanese girl.
Miss Clark, P. C.—A Nurse.

MONOLOGUE—"The Secret"—Miss Sandberg.

PLAY: How Charlemagne Found Roland.

CHARACTERS:
Roland . . . Estelle Caldwell, '27
Bertha . . . Oleta Brothers, '27
Oliver . . . Edythe Ozbun, '27
Charlemagne . . . Fern Newton, '27
Adelaide . . . Gladys Hansen, P. C.
Berthaide . . . Mabel Johnson, P. C.
Governor . . . Bertha Mulhern, P. C.
Servant . . . Vera Tenney, P. C.
Turpin . . . Lucile DuBose, P. C.

DICLAMATION: Yankee Doodle—Weinona Edwards, '25.

CRITIC—Ella Clarkson, '24.

Maryland, 13 Gallaudet, 1

The baseball team lost its first game of the season to the University of Maryland Saturday afternoon, the fifth. The score was 13 to 1. The infield is rather weak, due to the inexperienced men covorting around third base, the hot corner. Riddle started pitching, but was on an off day, so our old war horse Capt. Lahn went in, and could have had things his own way if he had been given better support. Massinkoff scored the only tally for our men. The team batting was also pretty low. Lahn, Wright and Bradley, were the only ones to "hit 'em where they ain't." Except for the weak place around third base the team is very good and will undoubtedly improve as time passes. The adverse weather conditions have almost ruined the schedule.

Three games in a row were cancelled, but Manager Yaffey has hopes of playing them on later dates. A foot of snow fell on April 1st, and held up practice for three days.

Fast fielding on the part of the Old Liners cut short several rallies of our team. Danofsky hit a long one, which seemed good for three bases if not a home run, which one of the Maryland outfielders got after a hard run.

Innings 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 T H R
Maryland—3 0 2 1 1 0 4 x—13 15 2
Gallaudet—0 0 0 0 0 0 1 1 4 9

Manager John E. Penn, '25, of the foot ball team brings forth the following schedule for next fall.

Oct. 4—Bucknell University, at Lewisburg, Pa.
Oct. 11—St. John College, Annapolis.
Oct. 18—Lynchburg College, here.
Oct. 25—Drexel Institute, here.
Nov. 1—Open.
Nov. 8—Randolph-Macon, Richmond, Va.
Nov. 22—St. Joseph's College, Philadelphia.
Nov. 15—Loyola College, here.

The Buffs and Blues of Fowler Hall staged their annual basketball duel last week, in which the Blues with Miss Kannappell and Miss Newton, leading stellar roles, swamped the Buffs, 29 to 6.

A Party in Florida.

A farwelling reception was given by friends to Mr. and Mrs. Sylvester C. Benedict, of Orlando, Fla., and Mr. and Mrs. Leon P. Jones, of St. Cloud, Fla., who soon will leave the South; Mr. Jones and family going to Indiana, and Mr. Benedict's family to New York State.

Mrs. Frank E. Philpott and daughter, Miss Helen, Miss Grace Davis and Miss Virginia Davis, journeyed with Mr. Albert Hallway, of Orlando, Fla., in his car, from St. Cloud to the home of Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Benedict in Orlando where they were met by Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Holloway, and passed the time on the lawn with games and later a picnic supper, and after a Virginia reel. All returned home, having had real sociability, on the date of March 29th.

LOUISVILLE.

WE GET A GYMNASIUM.

The Kentucky Legislature adjourned March 19th, after a busy sixty-day session. The school was well treated, receiving its usual appropriation for support and maintenance, and in addition money to make a few improvements. The big item in this line is \$50,000.00 for a gymnasium, something we have needed badly for a long time. In this day for a boarding school of over three hundred students a gymnasium is almost necessary. The pupils were jubilant when Dr. Rogers announced the news to them Wednesday evening, and staged a big demonstration.

The Legislature passed an act authorizing a bond issue of \$75,000.00—\$50,000.00 for roads and \$25,000.00 for the improvement of the schools and public institutions of the State. Under the terms of the bill this school is to receive \$100,000 for betterments. The measure must receive the indorsement of the voters at the polls next November, before it can become effective, and as there is a good deal of opposition to the bill we are not counting any chickens yet.—Kentucky Standard, March 20, 1924.

The above is self-explanatory.

"Uncle" Patrick Dolan, the Nestor of the N. F. S. D. in Kentucky, and "Rotund Jawn" Mueller, the guy, who puts Cincinnati on the N. F. S. D. map, went up to Cincinnati to help that Division celebrate its birthday, on the night of February 23d. Their visit was a surprise to most of the Queen City frats, who did not know the committee was preparing this as part of the program. "Jawn" is one of the charter members of No. 10, and would under no circumstances pass up the chance of missing the occasion. They returned on the 24th, bubbling over with tales of the good times and good eats.

Mr. Martin was in Louisville the week-end of March 15th-16th, and passed up the chance of meeting local deaf friends to get right down to business, the purpose of his trip. He made arrangements with the crack local St. Xavier Club for a baseball game for May 3d, and a football game for November 8th, both contests being scheduled for Louisville.

Athletic Director, Ashland D. Martin, of K. S. D., is sure running into tough luck (or is it a jinx?) The three basketball games scheduled for the months of February and March between his team and the Indiana, Ohio and Tennessee, respectively, Schools for the Deaf, were canceled, owing to the epidemic of measles at the Kentucky School. Here's hoping for better luck next year, Ash.

On Monday night, March 24th, two deaf men by the names of Finch and Brantberg, were taken into tow by local police authorities upon complaint of Cincinnati parties. They were held for several hours pending word from the Cincinnati authorities that they were really wanted. No word coming to that effect, they were let go. Brantberg was re-arrested the next day, and held in the hogswag one more night and then released. The next morning a postal inspector came for Brantberg, who was wanted in Chicago for using the mails to defraud, but the bird had flown the coop. According to the local authorities, Brantberg cleared up \$1,600 through some confidence game. The inspector came just one hour too late, Brantberg is now in hiding somewhere. It appears that there was a misunderstanding over the long distance phone, otherwise he would have been held and now be languishing behind the bars of the Cook County, Illinois, jail.

John H. Mueller, chairman, C. J. Reiss, J. H. Senn, Bob Kannappell and Bill Hoylons comprise the committee in charge of No. 4's annual picnic. The idea is to hold it two or three weeks before Cincinnati Division's, so No. 10 can send a crowd down this way, and later on. No. 4 can reciprocate with a larger crowd. The prevailing sentiment is to hold a smoker the night of June 21st and the picnic Sunday, June 22d, the week of "Home Coming Week."

Through the efforts of George E. Hartman, an old ex-Louisville boy, but now of Cleveland, Ohio, "Rotund Jawn" Mueller was invited there, to give a reading on the night of Saturday, March 15th. Advance notices of Jawn's coming gave the tip that he was a 600-pounder, so a special platform was built for the occasion. "The Last of the Mohicans" was his subject. A large crowd was present to encourage him to noble efforts in the sign making line, and seemed satisfied with the evening's entertainment. Jawn was the guest of the Hartmans, who no doubt still have the Kentucky hospitality spirit with them, and to say that they did all they could do to make things pleasant for their visitor, is but putting it too mildly. An ambitious program, including an auto trip to Akron, to see the huge Goodyear, Goodrich and Firestone plants, had

been arranged for his entertainment, but train connections forced him to leave sooner than the Clevelanders wanted him to.

On his way back home, he stopped over at Columbus for a little business, the Hoffmans (our own Edith Ubyle) heard of it, and promptly got up a reception in his honor. All of his old teachers and classmates, who could be reached on short notice came to extend the glad hand at the Hoffman residence, which resulted in his staying over for the night. In the morning he visited his old school, the first time he had ever been there to see it in operation for over twenty years. Supt. Jones did him the unprecedented honor of personally conducting him over the school, putting classes through their paces in all sorts of endeavor, and when Jawn was finally able to tear loose and catch the last train to reach home in time to get to work as per schedule, it was with a sigh of regret that he had been born twenty-five years too soon. "Jawn" is a loyal enough Louis-villian and Kentuckian-by adoption—but that visit to his Alma Mater seems to have made him homesick.

Far be it from us to sound the trumpet of our own praise, but— we have moved twice on Broadway during March. The Hibbs Iron Company, railroad and commercial printers, are now located in their new modern up-to-date spotless daylight plant at the southeast corner of Broadway and Ninth. We have taken a swell apartment nine blocks from our new shop and walk to and from work, but ride to and back from dinner.

Good news for the deaf of Kentucky and for the deaf all over the United States, who had their eyes focused on Kentucky the past ninety days:

The proposed legislation to bar the deaf of Kentucky from owning or driving automobiles did not pass.

Our "Kid Prexy," G. Gordon Kannappell declared two years ago, that he had settled down for once and all in "the greatest town on earth." That he really means it, is best illustrated by his recent turning down with many thanks, but with much regret, the offer of the position of boys' supervisor at the Illinois School for the Deaf. Bully! Gordon, we're strong for you and need you right here.

The deaf ladies of Louisville have decided to emulate their husbands—they have gone and organized a bowling team of their own. Some of the scores they have rolled stamp them as potential championship timber. The men are thinking of asking for a match series, provided the ladies will give them handicaps of 100 pins per game. We still maintain that as bowlers, they are better bawlers.

Carl Fugate, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Fugate, was one of the entrants in the Louisville Amateur Athletic Federation races, held at the Jefferson County Armory the night of March 29th. Stars of national renown, such as Jole Ray, Hal Osborne, Ray Ducker and many others were among the contestants for honors. The Sunday papers' reports of the races look like a Chinese puzzle, to us and we do not know how Carl came out.

A recent newcomer in local silent circles is Forest Haskins, of Eminence, Ky. He is at the Wilson Furniture Company. So far Louisville has made a good impression on him, and he has decided to stick here permanently.

William C. ("Bill") Fugate is the local agent for the Gallaudet replica statue fund. Boys and girls, buy a chip and slip him a dollar.

Mrs. Robert Hartman was called to Brumfield, Ky., by the serious illness of a brother. Mrs. John J. Frederiek accompanied her. In the meantime, poor Bob is putting up to a lot of inconveniences, but is carrying his cross well.

No longer will landlords wax rich at the expense of the Kutzlebs. They have just purchased a swell residence on 41st Street, just south of Market. Through their back gate they can reach Shawnee and Fontaine Ferry Parks.

That venerable local gentleman, Albert Sidney Johnston, has been sick in bed for quite a while lately. His friends all join in silent prayer for a speedy recovery.

Daniel Brennan has our tenderest expressions of sympathy. He helped bury a brother, recently.

Miss Lillian Petty was tendered a surprise party on March 27th. A large number of ladies swooped down on her, and as is usual with such affairs, "all had a good time." "I admire that Louisvilleite," Jimmy Meagher. We will always try to admire you, Jimmy.

GREENSBURG NOTES.

Rev. Frank C. Smielau, of Selinus Grove, was in town on Sunday afternoon, March 23d, where he gave an interesting religious discourse at Christ Church. Sixteen silents were in attendance, and derived pleasure from the good sermon the reverend gentleman delivered.

Mrs. James G. Poole, of Hunker, has returned home from Johnstown, where she spent the week end with her married daughter. While in the Flood City, she called on her friends, Mr. and Mrs. John Clark, and had a good time.

The nine-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Saylor, of Altoona, died, Saturday, March 23d, soon after he was operated on for mastoid. Interment was made in Fairview Cemetery on March 26th. We wish to extend Mr. and Mrs. Saylor our heartfelt sympathy on the death of their beloved son.

Mr. Chas. Chatham attended Rev. Mr. Smielau's Church service at Christ Episcopal Church here. He says that he will again go back to the farm of his friend, Charles Wetzler, soon, where he will erect a new wash-house for him.

Through the Philadelphia correspondent, your scribe was not a little surprised to hear of the death of his old schoolmate, Alfred McGinnan. At the last reunion at Mt. Airy School he met Alfred once more, after a lapse of forty-two years. Deceased's features looked so much changed that the writer hardly knew him. He was the same clever fellow he used to be, while they were both educated at old Broad and Pine Streets School, and were always good friends, where they went and came.

Mrs. Wiley Kear, nee Anna Renker, writes us that her husband has purchased a new Buick car, and that they expect to motor to Jeanette this summer, where they will spend some time as the guests of Mrs. Kears' parents. We have known Mrs. Kears since she was a little girl.

We are called upon to chronicle the death of Patrick Connolly. He passed away at the home of his married sister, in McKee's Rocks, Pa., February 20th, in the 61st year of his age. He was laid away to rest in St. Joseph's Cemetery in New Brighton, Pa. Deceased acquired his education at the old school in Philadelphia, and was always regarded as a jolly good chap. He was for a number of years employed in a cork factory in his hometown, Beaver, Pa. He could not do any work due to that painful malady, rheumatism.

The Barber's Journal, of New York City, has the following interesting article: "Despite what many would regard a serious handicap, J. F. V. Long, of Youngwood, a deaf-mute, is making a complete success of his shaving and hair-cutting shop. He has been in business for twenty four years, and enjoys a fine personal following in the community."

"Rex," took advantage of the invitation to attend the formal opening of the American Legion Dormitories in this city, Thursday evening, March 27th. He was favorably impressed with the finish in which the rooms had been redecorated and furnished. The new home is a haven for ex-service men.

The writer could not go to Ligonier one evening lately, to enjoy the chicken and waffle supper given by the publishers of the Greensburg Tribune-Review Company, in one of the best hotels in that valley city, on account of not being well. His foreman apprised him that the supper was in every respect a finely-arranged affair.

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Poole expect to attend the annual banquet, to be given by the frats in one of Johnstown's best hotels Saturday evening, April 26th. They will be the guests of their married daughter of that city. We can bet that they will have splendid time when away from a home.

WATCH YOUR STEP

A few weeks ago an editorial appeared in your valued paper (edition of March 20, 1924) bearing the caption, "Obviously a Faker," in regard to which I wish to express my deep regret. I trust you will again inform the general public that the Mr. Clark mentioned in the above editorial has not and never had any relation or connection with the undersigned committee, or any other committee in this city or in this country. He is a swindler, and no efforts should be spared to bring him to the bar of justice.

However, as a duty matter to the many American friends, who have contributed funds so generously and so often for the poverty-stricken deaf-mutes in Germany, I want to tell them that within the last five years their kindness and generosity enabled me to send money to Mr. Gottweis, Berlin, Germany, on seven different occasions, as well as 450 lbs. of old clothing. Receipt of everything was promptly acknowledged in the columns of the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL. All the money sent by me, as well as the clothing, was received in Berlin in due time and carefully and impartially distributed.

In this connection, may I again express the heartfelt thanks of hundreds of sorrow-stricken German deaf-mutes to their America friends for their charity to them. It is hardly necessary for me to tell our American contributors how grateful their silent brothers and sisters in Germany will always be to them. Their suffering at this time is particularly intense, and it is hoped aid will continue to come from the U. S. A. More and more funds are urgently needed, and an earnest appeal is therefore hereby made to all who wish to relieve the sufferings of German deaf-mutes and their

children. As heretofore, checks, cash, money order, etc., may be sent to me.

Respectfully yours,
Albert C. Kadziehn, 1027 Putnam Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
R. Gruizmacher, J. Majcherek.
Only Committee in U. S.

References:
Mr. Edwin A. Hodgson, Editor.
Rev. Arthur Boll, 192 Hewes St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

DENVER

March came in like a lamb and departed with the fury of a lion. Though this is applicable to the Colorado climate, yet the saying "Tis a privilege to live in Colorado" holds true. While the eastern and southern portions of these forty-eight States were suffering under the worst storms in years, the month of March was not much different from all the other months in the Centennial State.

Luther Alford is again walking for the first time in about twelve years. Home economics forced him to give up his Harley-Davidson. The opening of the fishing and duck seasons in previous years have always found Luther among the first arrivals. How an absence from his favorite streams and ponds will affect him, time alone will tell.

Will Skehan is a resident of Laramie, Wyo., now. Answering an advertisement in the daily paper for a first class auto painter he took the first train out of town and landed the job. Mrs. Skehan did not accompany him, but followed two weeks later. Though Will is an expert auto painter, he is unable to compete to any great degree with the many professional auto-painters in this city. While he is by no means the equal of the so-called skilled painters of the city, he is above the average in the surrounding towns and is able to command higher wages than in the city.

Among the many out-of-town visitors to the Masquerade Ball given by the local division of the N. F. S. D., were Guy Rassey and his wife, from Holly, Col. Guy has been conducting a dairy business on his 160-acre farm near Holly for the past two years. Last year his crops were a failure, but the dairy cows made up for the deficit. This year the crops were excellent, thus Guy can spend a few weeks visiting his folks and old friends in his old home town, Denver.

Joe Ryan is at last earning his daily bread and butter by the sweat of his brow. While he did not land the job he was seeking, he is satisfied till business elsewhere picks up. Fred Bates sent out a S. O. S. for a farm hand. Joe was the first to answer. For the past two months Joe kept his hands warm when he was looking up a job. But now the handling of a horse and a plow will break him temporarily of the habit of keeping his hands in his trouser pockets.

Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Harvat were visitors at the home of Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Tansey, in Englewood, Sunday, March 23d.

With his new Model 14 machine, and his newly acquired shingle "Linotyping"—T. Y. Northern, is prospering nicely. His one best bet is his neat composition work. While his competitors are able to turn out more work in a given time, they can not be congratulated for as neat work as "T. Y." Briefs, weekly newspaper work, and job work keeps Mr. Northern occupied day and night, he even has to forsake some of his Sundays to get some of his work out by Monday morning.

The local branch of the American Motorcycle Association has the name of T. R. Tansey on its roster. Trips to various points of interest in the State have been outlined for the next few months. Sunday, April 6th, Roland will hit the roads for Colorado Springs, in company with many local motorcycle enthusiasts.

Sunday, March 9th, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ray Cummings, Mrs. Lacie Shelton and Miss Monica Laungan were given a surprise birthday party. A goodly number were on hand to make the day merry to the two young ladies. Miss Harriet Spurling had charge of the refreshments, which were a happy climax to a most joyous evening. Presents without number were showered on the surprised ladies before departing time.

J. C. Nash, after spending several years in Denver, has returned to Pueblo. His Silent Echo bubble burst as expected by everyone but himself. Holding a union card he secured work in his old home town, whereas with most of the large shops in Denver closed to union labor he was making ends meet on a strike benefit weekly fund.

John S. Fisher forsook his union card for a lucrative job with the A. B. Hirschfield Press. With the departure of J. C. Nash, F. O. Mount is the only union man in Denver at present. He is a press feeder with the Wester Newspaper Union.

U. No. MR.

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